The I.N.C. Is Back

Ja Rule

Geah, Lou turn it up a little bit, nigga
Rowdy, I see you, nigga, Queens
Yo this Shadow in this motherfucker, holla
Representin' Hoodstock, HusseinThe Stock Family nigga
And it's a motherfuckin' takeover, geah, Ferrari Black
We invested in the hood nigga in a lot of different ways
Geah, come on but right now, niggaThe bricks is back, the bricks is back
The bricks is back, the bricks is back
Big 'Dow ain't the toughest, so I'll tell you right now
When it's on it's nothin' Shadow gettin' to bustin'The bricks is back, the bricks is back
The bricks is back, the bricks is back
Big 'Dow ain't the toughest, so I'll tell you right now
When it's on it's nothin' Shadow gettin' to bustin'Let me tell you who I be and who I am
Shadow Stock, ready rock, that's what I'm sellin'
And E pills, four hundred for fifty get you a refill
Twenty-three a gram, nigga, let's do the dealRepresentin' the Stock Family, I don't really care
How big you get pussy, you can't handle me
Won't say I'm the toughest, so I'll tell you right now
When it's on, it's nothin', Shadow gettin' to bustin'Every class at school nigga was special ed
Teacher got bored a nigga so we was all red
Twenty four with no diploma I don't really care
These cowards don't got it crackin' and I'm out thereLou, he got the brown Ferrari but I got the green
Smells caught in between, nigga doin' his thing
What I'm sayin' it's a hustler's pain
Bein' rich by myself, it's a treacherous dream, damnQueens is back, Queens is back
Nigga, Queens is back, Queens is back
Man Sekou ain't the toughest, I'll tell ya right now
When it's on it's nothin', 720 get to bustin'Queens is back, Queens is back
Nigga, Queens is back, Queens is back
Man, and Sekou ain't the toughest, I'll tell ya right now
When it's on it's nothin', 720 get to bustin'Oh, my gangstaness
All the anger in my heart who we thank for this
Yo, I can't thank a soul but God and guns
Don't kill a damn fool, it's a animant's steelIt's the liquor and the bills cause a man to steal
It's the lack of Medicaid and these bitches got AIDS
And they snaggin' at the Y, player we too high
I ain't really into ballin' and tossin' my chipsRather cop real estate then ride big whips
Rather trick on my wife and go real a dick or hips
Slick bitch that's strict man, she can't get shit

But she get trashed on the car hood by HoodstockWe got good stock and size does matter, bitch
That's why we slang good cock
Back the thirty eight slug, back out
Look out the way, 'fore your whole hood shot upThe INC is back, the INC is back
The INC is back, the INC is back
The INC is back, the INC is back
Black Child is gutter, it's on, motherfuckersThe INC is back, the INC is back
The INC is back, the INC is back
Black Child is gutter, I don't give a fuck
What I sell out with a gun, motherfuckerI got stocks in the hood, sold rocks in the wood
Pop up on your block with the glock like it's good
Got niggaz scared to cop and drop like I'm Suge
Pop if you could, watch if you wouldNigga go platinum from the federal pen
Go 150 months and come home gettin' rich again
Nigga, it's sicker than, I hope you listenin', nigga, we glistenin'
Pop off and leave you in the dead man positionBlack Child is Murder, y'all forgettin'
The work I put in, the dirt I done did
On this earth niggaz lives is worthless
Unless you worth a few million, school your childrenLet the game get to 'em
Then they brain get ruined
Mine speak foreign languages fluently
Hoodstock exchange ain't nothin' new to meCop and go, set 'em shop in community
I've been ticklin' clit ever since puberty
Might taste it if it smells clean to me
Mama lean with me, holler and scream with meThe Rule is back, the Rule is back
The Rule is back, the Rule is back
Like 'Pac said, "Keep your head up, man"
Like Biggie Biggie "Give me one more chance"Niggaz, the Rule is back, the Rule is back
The Rule is back, the Rule is back
Like 'Pac said, "Geep your head up man"
Like Biggie Biggie "Give me one more chance"Nigga, I cap back just from my mental anguish
This cash is aimless, cop the new yellow Vanguish
And I ride swervin' down the west side highway
Get high like a G4 on the runwayI can't land it, man, with gun in hand
A hundred grand in escrow tryna expand
A million niggaz that brick, whole bricks to grams
Just leave with money, it seems like it's Uncle SamSo keep hustlin I done roll
That comes from all the pain and the strugglin'
Look at here, federal agents runnin' in
Come again, it must be mistaken identity
Like when Oswald took the rap for killin a KennedyWe in the street, not industry, niggaz
And because we're called the Murderers
That don't make us killaz, now does it?
Now it's not home but still them trumpets blowin'
Hold on cause the leader of this mission is a proThe Rule is back, the Rule is back

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